



HUMOROUS

Had a Better Story.

"Did you see the account of that flash of lightning that burned the hair from a boy's head without otherwise hurting him?"

"I did," answered the cheerful bar, "and I was pained to note the incompleteness of the story. Now, I happen to know of a case that is really remarkable. The lightning entered a barber's shop and not only undertook the task of singeing a man's hair, but it rung up the proper amount on the cash register."—Chicago Post.

A Fatal Mistake.

Mrs. Isolate (of Lonelyville)—You say the new cook only stopped long enough at the Lonelyville railroad station to take the next train back to the city, Ferdinand? I fear you didn't show her enough little attentions on the trip out!

Isolate (miserably)—I bought her everything the train boy had; but I knew I had lost her when I didn't kiss her when the train went through the tunnel!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Too Effective.

"John," said Mrs. Billus, after the caller had gone away, "I wish you wouldn't bunch your blunders so."

"What do you mean, Marie?" asked Mr. Billus.

"I didn't mind your telling her that you were ten years older than I, but you followed it up a minute later by letting it slip out that you were 52."—Chicago Tribune.

It Would Seem So.

Some men work all night long, and come from sun to sun. But the bill collector has a snap—his work is always done. —Chicago Daily News.

COMPARISON.



"Miss May, I do not know any better way to describe my embarrassment in your presence than to say that I feel as if I were about to be examined at school."—Bombe.

The Cynic's Misfortune.

The world's a place, when all is done, in food illusions ruled. That man cannot have any fun, who never can be fooled. —Washington Star.

A Sure Indication.

"Oh, I visited such a woefully poverty-stricken family this morning," said the sympathetic member of the charity committee.

"Indeed!" asked the chairman of the committee. "Were they very, very poor?"

"Poor! Man, it is pitiable. Why, they are so poor that they keep 15 dogs."—Baltimore American.

Accounting for It Chemically.

"It may be merely fancy," remarked Mrs. Seidman-Holme, "but since my husband began drinking the water from that iron spring he has seemed to be sometimes as obstinate as he used to be."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Nixdore, "the water is impregnated with pig iron."—Chicago Tribune.

His Busy Day.

Quarryman—Biddy!

His Wife—What do ye want now, son?

Quarryman—Pour some kerosene on the fire an' make it hot so Oi can thaw out my dynamite. —N. Y. Weekly.

The Better Part.

The bachelors say that, on the whole, their independent homes will do for married men have better halves and quarters better quarters, too. —Good Housekeeping.

THOSE EQUINE HATS.



These Hickorycreek—Whom, then, they? Dang it! What ye givine?

They? There's a furniture van ahead with a mirror in the rear end. I want to see if my hat's on straight. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Very Exciting.

Re—that must be a very interesting book you are reading.

No—ah, it's awfully exciting! The heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter. —Tit-Bits.

Quite a Difference.

"You announce in your paper," said the wrathful young woman, "that I would not be married, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Well, isn't that the report you sent in?" asked the society editor.

"No, it isn't," answered the wrathful young woman. "The inference is all wrong. I said I would not be married to the particular young man to whom I was reported engaged, which is quite a different matter."—Chicago Post.

At It Again.

Once more the lonely fisherman dusts off his book of flies; Like unto his reel and pocket flask, Also his last year's lies. —Chicago Daily News.

THE LATEST COMPOSITE.



A composite picture of Mrs. Smith's cooks for a year. She had a run of poor luck, including a Chinaman, a negro and several rather strong-minded and buxom females. —Good Housekeeping.

Odd.

"Any odd job?" the tramp inquired.

The housewife answered with a nod.

"Were you to do most any job?"

She pleasantly observed, "I were odd!" —Detroit Free Press.

Probably Never Heard of It.

The theological argument waxed warmer and warmer.

"But, my dear sir," protested Deacon Ironside, aghast, "you don't pretend to know more about it than the Apostle Peter did, do you?"

"What did the Apostle Peter know," retorted the man with the aggressive pompadour, "about the higher criticism?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Mystery Solved.

Bessie and her father were sitting out on the lawn looking at the stars.

"That very red one," said her father, "is Mars, named after the god of war."

"The god of war?" cried Bessie. "Oh, papa, I wonder if that isn't where the shooting stars come from?"—Detroit Free Press.

He Is Still Looking.

"Here's a good chance for you, Jack," said the father of the young man just about to graduate from college, looking up from the "want" advertisement in the paper.

"A chance isn't what I want," said the young man, loftily. "I'm looking for an opportunity."—Somerville Journal.

Satisfactorily Explained.

"Why do you talk so much?" he cried.

Reproving little May.

"I expose it's 'cause," the child replied, "I've got so much to say."

Catholic Standard and Times.

FATHERLY ADVICE.



"Wot's de matter, Billy?"

"Me intened trow me over becuz I didn't have no automobile."

"Take an old man's advice, an' don't have nothin' more to do wid her. A woman wid extravagant ideas like dat would ruin any man."—Detroit Free Press.

Mental Activity.

The man whose mind is never content On one of two extremes is bent. He pushes on to fame's front rank Or else he gets to be a crank. —Washington Star.

One Way of Telling.

Curley—See that fellow looking over there? He used to go to the same college that I did. I wonder if he remembers me?

Burleigh—Ask him for the loan of five dollars.

Curley—What for?

Burleigh—If he remembers you, you won't get it.—Judge.

Making Progress.

Miss Young (enthusiastically)—Oh, Miss Timer is so lovely, so intellectual! Not in her first youth, you know, but—

Miss Stager—No; but from what I have learned about her, I should think she must be well on in her second childhood. —Ladies Weekly.

A Practical Guess.

"What makes that friend of yours keep clamoring for the young man in politics?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum, "unless he thinks that some of the older fellows are getting too wary and hard to handle."—Washington Star.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Worry often comprises a lot of fool things that never happen.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Wayback—"What is the latest form of regrets?" Miss Onthego—"I don't know, my dear. I never send any."—Indianapolis News.

Why tell big stories? Don't you know people won't believe them? And, in addition, they will talk about you in a discreditable way. —Athens Globe.

"Your hair is getting very thin, sir," remarked the fat barber. "That's good," replied the touchy man; "corpulence is so vulgar."—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you think the bicycle will ever figure in a war?" "Ever will? Great Scott, man, haven't you ever heard of two wheelmen scrapping over the merits of their respective wheels?"—Philadelphia Press.

Angry Patron—"Look here, this is so tough that I haven't been able to bite it yet, and I want a rebate for it." Head Waiter—"Very sorry, sir, but I do not think we can give you a rebate. You might try a rebite, however."—Baltimore American.

Fuddy—"Come, now, do you think food tastes any better because the bill of fare is printed in French?" Duddy—"Perhaps not, but then you don't know what you are eating, and that's some comfort."—Boston Transcript.

"Why like you not the phonograph, dear Mr. Professor? It can the music exactly again make that is into it played or sung." "Yes, certainly, my Mister. I to the phonograph itself do not myself against set. I the music that out of it comes hate not, but the music which is into it put."—Indianapolis News.

SAVED BY ANOTHER BEAR.

One of the Animals Was Drowning His Mate When a Third Interfered.

But for the energetic and almost human action of one of the bears in the cage at City park, one afternoon lately there would have been a death by drowning in the colony, says the Denver Republican. One of the bears in the cage held the head of another under the water until the first was nearly asphyxiated and would probably have held the victim there till he died had not a third bear in the cage become alarmed at the struggles of the drowning animal and rushed to the rescue, getting him out of the water barely in time to save his life. As it was, the water-soaked bruin was nearly smothered and the rescuing bear had to roll him about considerably before he had recovered, the beast which nearly caused the casualty became conscience-stricken over the possible serious result of his prank and during the rest of the afternoon showed by his deferential manner and solicitous demeanor that he was thoroughly penitent.

There were seven animals in the bear pit at the park, three being on one side and four on the other. During the heated weather a hose is sprayed constantly into the pit. On one side of the pit is a trough which is full of water and in which the bears roll and toss throughout the day. The other afternoon two or three bears in one compartment, after playing around the cage for some time, rolled into the water, where they continued cuffling and hauling each other about, evidently in play. After a scuffle one got the other's head in his paw, and, throwing the weight of his body on him, pushed his body, head and all, under water, holding it there firmly. The victim struggled hard, but the top bear had him absolutely under control and he was unable to raise his head out of the water to breathe. The third bear for some time in an apparently disinterested manner until it appeared to suddenly dawn upon him that there was some danger. Then he jumped into the trough, and, pushing the top bear away, dragged the recumbent and almost lifeless form of the under animal out of the trough onto the cement floor of the cage.

For a short time it appeared as though the bear was really dead and the offending bear was commencing to whine piteously when the nearly drowned animal snorted and opened his eyes. Within half an hour all was serene in the cage, but the two bears did not play in the water any more.

Snails as Window Cleaners.

An old colored woman selling snails occasionally makes her appearance on South street, and sometimes she may be found along Front street or Second street, up in the district that used to be known as the Northern Liberties. She carries an old basket, in which the snails repose on freshly sprinkled leaves. These are not sold as food, but for cleaning the outside of window panes—an old practice still in vogue in Kensington. The snail is dampened and placed upon the glass, where it at once moves around and devours all insects and foreign matter, leaving the pane as bright and clear as crystal. There are old established business places in Kensington where the upper windows, when cleaned at all, are always cleaned by snails. There is also a fine market for snails among the owners of aquariums, as they keep the glass clean and bright. —Philadelphia Record.

Won't Dig for Gold.

Of the world's five great gold producing territories Russia alone remains unprogressive. Her gold output is now practically the same as it was 20 years ago. —Chicago Chronicle.

Lamentable Forgetfulness.

As the steamer pitched and rolled in the waves the traveler heard through the thin partition a wailing voice in the next stateroom exclaim:

"Oh, mamma, it's coming on again, worse than ever!"

Then he heard a sleepy voice in reply:

"Marie, why don't you follow the directions you told me about before we came on board?"

"Because I've forgotten whether I ought to breathe in as the vessel rises and let the breath go out as it moves downward, or whether it ought to be the other way, and O! O! I wish I was dead!"—Chicago Tribune.

Our Nation's Wealth.

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At Norumbega Park.

First Monkey—What is that standing out there with its hair parted in the middle and sucking a cane?

Second Monkey—That's a man.

Just to think that such a looking thing as that should have descended from us! —Boston Post.

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A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet, cures swollen, sore, hot, callous, itching, sweating feet and ingrowing nails, corns, bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. See Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

A bachelor enjoys a magnificent morning, a fair afternoon, but in most cases a miserable evening. —Ally Sloper.

The defects of a great man are the consolations of the dunces. —Atlanta Constitution.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds. —N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Neighbor—Why do you jig the baby so hard when she's crying? Proud Mother—"Sure, it makes her cry with such a beautiful tremulo." —Chicago Tribune.

Nothing persuades like the truth. —Town Topics.

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A DEAD LIVER



He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and spring is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with **CASCARETS**, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a box to-day and see how quickly you will be

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